

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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The MICHAELMAS TERM will commence on MONDAY, 21st September, and terminate on SATURDAY, 19th December.

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MISS JOSEPHINE SHERRINGTON begs to announce that she will return to London on the 1st of September. All communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Touring Parties, &c., addressed to her, 44, Upper Gloucester Place, Regent's Park, will be forwarded.

MR NELSON VARLEY, having finished his Engagements in the United States, has returned to London, where he purposes remaining during the Winter. For Concert Engagements, Oratorios, &c., address, Mr NELSON VARLEY, 7, Saunders' Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

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MADAME LOUISE LIEBHART begs to announce that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Lessons, &c., may be addressed to her residence, No. 21, Grove End Road, St John's Wood, N.W.

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(Copy of Letter from Sir Julius Benedict.)

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JULIUS BENEDICT,
Michael Bergson, Esq., 21, Shirland Road, Maida Hill.

BEETHOVEN'S POLONAISE (Op. 89), as played by Mdlle MARIE KREBS, is published—price 3s.—by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"THE MAIDEN'S SIGH."

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A 'Maiden's Sigh' has been many a time musically illustrated before Lillie Albrecht undertook the task; nevertheless, she has done well."—*The Graphic*."Pieces of this class are so numerous that the task of writing another, which shall have distinctive features, is one of considerable difficulty. On the whole, the fair composer of 'The Maiden's Sigh' may be congratulated. Her music is pleasing, and not without its use in an educational point of view. As an exercise, not to say as a pastime, it deserves approval."—*The Musical World*."Lillie Albrecht's little piece, 'The Maiden's Sigh,' is called a 'Reverie for the Pianoforte.' It is effective, and a good exercise for the fingers."—*London Figaro*."The 'Maiden's Sigh,' a Pianoforte Reverie, by Lillie Albrecht, consists of a melody, with embellishments of a conventional and perfectly orthodox character. It deserves to have a place among what are sometimes called 'Morceaux de Salon.'"—*The Daily Telegraph*."Pianists will find in Lillie Albrecht's *Reverie*, 'The Maiden's Sigh,' an acceptable little morceau."—*Sunday Times*."The 'Maiden's Sigh,' Reverie for the Pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht, is a graceful little piece by a juvenile pianist, whose clever performances have lately attracted much attention."—*Illustrated London News*.

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BALFE AND *IL TALISMANO*.

BY CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

(Continued from page 519.)

ACT THE THIRD.

Before the third act opens some brief interval of time is supposed to elapse, during which Sir Kenneth's doom has been exchanged for banishment, peace between the contending armies has been established, and Richard with his court and following are preparing to return homeward. The scene is an antechamber in Richard's tent, where the King, with Devaux at his side, is discovered intent over a letter, apparently just received and chronicling the news from England. After referring to Prince John, whose wily proceedings urgently call for the King's presence, he is struck by a paragraph conveying the intelligence that the banished Sir Kenneth is of higher rank than simple knight; and, remembering the gallant young Scot's valour, is betrayed into wishing aloud that he were still by his side. On this hint the trusty Devaux is encouraged to inform his royal master how that a certain swarthy Nubian, who had that morning saved him from the dagger of a cowardly assassin, whose cunningly planned attempt, but for the equal daring and watchfulness of the supposed African, had been but too surely successful, was no other than the exiled knight who was even then not a bow-shot from the royal tent. Richard avows himself deeply indebted for the service; but, with characteristic inconsistency, exclaims against the audacity which had brought Sir Kenneth, despite his commands, sufficiently near his Majesty to save his life. Devaux informs him that the knight had been impelled to disregard his sentence solely to obtain proofs of the treason of Mountserratt, who had planned the disgrace of the English flag, and to vindicate his own and Richard's honour by a combat to the death. Richard's chivalrous spirit lights up at the announcement, and he bids Devaux apprise Sir Kenneth that he knows all, and invites him to feast with him that night in the great pavilion. Simultaneously with the departure of Devaux on his welcome errand, the high-spirited but now sadly depressed consort of Lion-Heart approaches, attended by the fair Edith, announcing with every sign of sorrow and sympathy the determination of his love-lorn kinswoman not to return to England but to bury herself in the convent of Engaddi, and there seek peace to her wounded heart and forgetfulness of her misery. Richard, whose knowledge of the real state of things leaves him untouched by much sympathy, bids Edith await the morrow that may dawn upon a brighter prospect, and retires with Berengaria and herself. The scene now changes to the great pavilion, decorated with royal splendour and magnificence. A procession of nobles and officers of the English court enters, ushering in Richard Lion-Heart, Philip of France, the Duke of Austria, and other illustrious crusaders, Queen Berengaria, Edith, and attendant ladies, followed by soldiers, archers, men-at-arms, all the glittering array of a martial cortège in the days of armed and bannered knights, with their shield bearers and gaily caparisoned train of attendants. The Kings seat themselves on thrones, and the other Princes are grouped around, while the troops pass in review before them to the sound of a majestic military march. After a ballet, accompanied by a merry chorus to the praise of old England, her jovial youths, and comely maidens, King Richard, elate with the thoughts of home, and secretly rejoicing in the happy issue he foresees to the well-nigh tragic story of the loves of Edith and Sir Kenneth, calls for a flask of old Cyprus—some of King Isaac's, captured at Famagosta—that he may drink to "Merry England," and after casting a look fraught with meaning at Edith, and directing a gesture enjoining silence towards Berengaria, he turns to Devaux, and calls for the minstrel knight who is to add to the enjoyment of the hour by some passionate tale of love, told in wedded accents of poetry and music. A pause of silent expectation ensues, when, from without, is heard a voice, at which Edith starts and appears overcome with emotion, as its tones awaken within her heart the dream of love to which she had bidden an eternal adieu. Sir Kenneth is singing the air with which the rose dropped by Edith at his feet had inspired him, "Candido fiore," a simple yet touchingly eloquent melody, instinct with the very fervour of love. Edith turns to the King as its last cadence falls on the ear, and kneeling at his feet implores him to spare the mad agony of her heart, and impart some ray of hope. The King gently raising the beseeching damsel, and leading her with a smile on his lips to Berengaria, turns in the direction whence the melting strains have been heard, and at a signal Sir Kenneth, with Devaux at his side, and guarded by an armed escort, enters and throws

himself kneeling before the King, who greets him with a warm welcome. Hearing the spectators, filled with astonishment, involuntarily exclaim "He the traitor knight," Richard proclaims Sir Kenneth to be no traitor, but the saviour of the King's life, at the same time bidding him rise as Earl of Huntingdon and David, Prince of Scotland, and worthy of fair Edith of Plantagenet, his destined bride. How the constant lovers, separated, as it first seemed, by almost insuperable obstacles, greet the triumphs of their enduring faith and devotion, amid the general joy, needs no pen to describe; the coldest fancy could not fail to supply a sufficient picture to a situation so kindling with genial emotion. The deep-felt happiness of the lovers, reflected on the beaming faces of all, from proud kings to humblest commoners, is concentrated in a rondo finale, "Nell arcana trepidanza," sung by Edith, and depicting the prospect brightening before her in a burst of buoyant melody, which rings out with thrilling accents of triumphant yet tender exultation. At a beck from the hand of the Lion-Hearted King, the curtains closing the back of the pavilion are drawn aside and disclose a view of the sea-shore, with the fleet of the crusading expedition floating in the distance, bright and fluttering with the flags of the various Christian nations taking share in it, and ready for the embarkation of the allied armies of the red-cross knights, through whose busy and varied dealings with the Moslem, the story of the loves of Edith of Plantagenet and Sir Kenneth of Scotland has been so skillfully entwined by the great genius to whom we owe the romance of

THE TALISMAN.

(To be continued.)

Cook's Perquisites.

In longitude six thousand ninety-two,
Latitude nothing, the good ship *Salt Beef*,
Caught in a Gale, the worst that ever blew,
Was stranded on a coral island's reef.
Her back was broken, so she went in halves,
The crew and captain perished, every hand:—
Only a pig, some chickens, and two calves,
And the one passenger, escaped to land.
King Bangaroo, with all the royal suite,
Was waiting to receive him on the beach;
And, seeing he was plump and nice to eat,
Received him graciously with courteous speech.
The suite, who thus their coming banquet eyed,
Their gastric regions rubbed with grateful paw,
And wondered if the king would have him fried,
Or boiled, or roasted,—or just eat him raw:
The hungry passenger their meaning caught
And hinting dinner in some manner dim,
And smiling at the notion, little thought
That they meant feasting on—and not with—him!
But, as you draw a fowl before 'tis drest,
The suite proceeded first, of everything
The pockets of their victim to divest,
And laid their plunder down before the king.
The monarch started at some object there—
Then seized the prisoner's hand and cried aloud,
"Bo, bingoo wobbi? Chungum raggabare.
Dowinki crobleb? Bo? Dorchingadower?"
Which means—"Unhand this kindly gentleman.
Observe these coupons! Note that small green book!
Put out the fire—hang up the frying-pan!
We mustn't eat him. He belongs to Cook?"
—Fun.

MILAN.—As already announced in these columns, M. Lecocq's opera, *La Fille de Mad. Angot*, has been produced with an Italian company and an Italian libretto at the Teatro Dal Verme. The *Gazzetta Musicale* observes: "We miss in Sig. Bergonzoni's company the *lazzi* of the Brothers Grégoire, but, to compensate for this, the vocalists are real vocalists, and do not sing out of tune more than is necessary; the choristers are genuine choristers, born and bred in our own Milan preserves; the orchestra is an orchestra which, up to a certain point, knows its business; while, lastly, the getting-up of the piece, both as regards the dresses and the scenery, is splendid. We must praise Signore Frigerio and Geminiani. Nearly all the choruses were well executed. The customers of the theatre (who smoke and drink beer there) would like a little more fire in the conductor. Time flies, and for this reason the conductor should not take his time so slowly."

M. HERVÉ'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

M. Rivière, who for some time did so much to gratify the many lovers of music bound to remain in London during those months of the year when all whose means and occupations allow it are too glad to emigrate for a period, has retired from the arena. It is fair to say of this gentleman, however, that he laboured zealously at the task he had undertaken, that his concerts, presenting more than ordinary attractions, were deservedly successful, and, in fact, that he spared no pains to entertain the public. With the reason for M. Rivière's secession we are unacquainted, but before speaking of the new series of Promenade Concerts, which began on Saturday night in Covent Garden Theatre, we wished to pay him, in few words, the tribute of respect to which he is entitled.

The concerts are again the speculation of Messrs A. and S. Gatti, who have appointed as *chef d'orchestre* M. Hervé, author of *Le Petit Faust* and *Chilpéric*. To this clever musician are judiciously confided the whole of the arrangements which immediately concern his department. Here, again, we have the right man in the right place. The whilom rival of Jacques Offenbach, until the star of M. Lecocq, with *La Fille de Madame Angot*, began to shine above the horizon, is an excellent conductor, and just the one to write music of a sort to which habitual frequenters of Promenade Concerts are accustomed, and which they have a traditional right to expect. The engagements already made by M. Hervé are liberal enough to safely carry him through the season, even if others "still pending" are not ultimately effected. He has an orchestra of some 100 musicians, selected from the band of the Royal Italian Opera, Her Majesty's Opera, and the Philharmonic Society, together with an efficient chorus, drawn principally from the same sources. His "leader" is Mr Burnett; his organist and accompanist, Mr Josiah Pittman—whose occupations, by the way, as was shown on Saturday night, do not stop with the organ and piano; his assistant conductor is M. G. H. Betjeman, director of the ballet music at Mr Gye's theatre; and when a military band is in request he has secured the services of that of the Coldstream Guards (director, Mr Fred. Godfrey). His acting manager, to whom all the "business arrangements" are intrusted, is Mr J. Russell (also member of Mr Gye's establishment), a gentleman whose long experience and recognized ability eminently fit him for the post.

The theatre on Saturday was crowded in every part. Even the three shilling pit-stalls in front of the orchestra, separated by a barrier from the shilling promenade, if "promenade" that may be termed where circulation (during the performance, at least) is barely possible, were full—this, doubtless, in a great measure owing to a special entrance from Bow Street, which affords easy access to what are at present, perhaps, the most commodious places, as of yore they used to be the most inconvenient and uninviting. The decorations of the "auditorium," those of the orchestra—to a level of the base of which and the stage the pit is now conveniently raised—and especially those (by Messrs Dayes and Caney) of the stage behind the orchestra, where may be obtained "refreshment," that indispensable accompaniment to a "promenade concert," second (if second) to the music alone, at once impress the beholder. Good taste is everywhere apparent; and a *coup d'œil* more striking and, at the same time, agreeable, could hardly be exhibited. But about such matters it is as well to allow the public to draw their own conclusions; they, after all, must be the best, as they are naturally the most interested, judges. Let us, without further preliminary, give some account of the programme, which, we are bound to say, "inaugurated" the new series of concerts as favourably as its promoters could have desired.

M. Hervé, as he mounted the steps of the orchestra to occupy his place at the conductor's desk, was received with general applause. His face was familiar, and people had not forgotten Chilpéric, who now stood before them in plain modern evening costume. The National Anthem having been given, the quality of the orchestra was favourably tested by a spirited and effective performance of the splendid overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which, the longer it lives, the firmer seems its hold upon the public. In the introduction, the first violoncello part was played in such a manner by Mr Edward Howell as to call for unanimous marks of approval. Directly after *Guillaume Tell* came the *Allegretto*

from Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8.), which the late Jullien so frequently brought forward at his memorable winter concerts. This was conducted by M. Betjeman. The juxtaposition of two pieces so utterly opposed to each other in character may have seemed a little odd, but the result only proved that while Rossini is Rossini, Beethoven is still Beethoven, and that genius always can assert itself under any conditions. Next came Sir Julius Benedict's "National Italian Hymn" ("Casa d'Italia"), for chorus with orchestra, a piece in all respects worthy its distinguished composer. Then Mr Lewis Thomas gave "O ruddier than the cherry," from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, as vigorously and heartily as if the love-smitten Polyphemus had been declaiming it himself. This was asked for again; but Mr Thomas, like a true artist, thinking of those who had still their parts to play in a very long concert, respectfully declined the honour. Not so Mr J. Levy, our most popular executant on the cornet-à-pistons, who was so vociferously applauded in a piece called "The Favourite," composed expressly for him, that he returned to the orchestra and substituted his own version of the "Last Rose of Summer"—with muted echoes to each phrase; and not so Mlle Benati ("from St Petersburg, Moscow, and Vienna"), who sang "Una voce poco fa," with such variations and changes ("ricercate") of her own as reminded us of a story about Rossini, who, on a certain occasion hearing this very same celebrated air delivered after the same fashion by an unknown *prima donna*, asked of somebody sitting next to him, "Qui a composé cet air?" and, on being told "Rossini," said, "I hope he has not written more of the same kind." Nevertheless, Mlle Benati has a really good mezzo-soprano voice, and would do well to try and sing "Una voce" as it was originally composed (no easy task, by the way), before overloading it with ornaments and *flouriture* after her own invention. The lady, however, was called back, and repeated the last movement. The doubtful example set by such consummate artists as Angiolina Bosio and Adelina Patti misleads young aspirants to their detriment. At once imagining themselves to be Bosios or Pattis, they begin where it would be wiser for them to leave off.

What succeeded was in every sense an exhibition of true and genuine art. M. Wieniawski, the eminently great Polish violinist, for our first acquaintance with whom a good many years since we were indebted to Jullien (who introduced to us so much that was worth knowing), was last heard among us in 1870, or thereabout. M. Wieniawski, who has taken the place of Vieuxtemps as chief professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatoire, is now in the prime of his powers. He has at easy command, as was the case when we first remember him, all the resources to insure mechanical proficiency on the instrument of his predilection; and to these he unites a beauty and variety of tone, a purity of intonation, a manner of phrasing devoid of exaggeration and overdrawn sentiment, from which many a singer of repute might advantageously take a lesson. We have no intention to enter into details about the technical peculiarities of his play. Difficulties seem unknown to him, but what pleases us most is his simple and natural expression. In his own clever and ingeniously constructed fantasia on themes from *Faust*, several opportunities were afforded of remarking this. M. Gounod, as we all know, has sown *cantabile* melody broadcast in his most admired opera; and not one occasion was lost by M. Wieniawski. His performance was masterly from beginning to end, and the enthusiasm created was not to be wondered at. In the second part M. Wieniawski played the last of Beethoven's two romances for violin, with orchestral accompaniments—about which Beethoven's brother writes to Johann André, the music-publisher:—We [mark the 'we'] have also besides two adagios for violin with accompaniments for several instruments, which will cost 135 florins." A popular ballad-writer of the actual day would hardly deign to accept such a sum for a new song from his pen as Beethoven's brother asked for these romances, which flourish, though some 70 years old—the one in F, best of the two, especially, being even now continually brought forward. M. Wieniawski followed up Beethoven's Romance with the Prelude to J. S. Bach's violin sonata in E major (last of the six for violin solo)—a movement so frequently introduced by Herr Joachim at the Monday Popular Concerts. Fancy old Bach at the Promenade Concerts!—"Cela marche," as the Parisians would say; and

indeed, are saying just now, thanks to the zealous exertions of M. Lamoureux, on behalf of the *Messiah*, the *Passion of St Matthew*, &c. M. Wieniawski, however, had confidence in his audience, and that they had confidence in him was shown by the issue. The Polish "*virtuoso*" was unanimously called forward at the end, and might have played Bach's *Presto* over again; but he preferred substituting a *caprice* upon "Willie we have missed you," which, however rendered, and it could hardly have been rendered more effectively, was to those who care for genuine music not by any means equally acceptable. Bach has evidently that in him which can rouse a modern audience, and so thorough a master as M. Wieniawski might without danger place unlimited confidence in the old Leipsic "cantor," more particularly after such a lively demonstration as that on Saturday. The engagement of this accomplished performer would alone mark the present series of concerts as one to be remembered.

The first part of the programme ended with one of those orchestral fantasias on popular topics of the day to which time out of mind—or, at any rate, from the beginning of Jullien's public career—we have been accustomed. The theme selected by M. Hervé is the late war in Ashantee, its preamble, its conduct, and its results. Styled "Heroic Symphony" (happily not "*Sinfonia Eroica*,") the argument, translated into English verse, from the original French (*La Guerre des Achantis*), by Mr Alfred Thompson, is divided into three parts. Let the author, or rather translator, speak for himself:—

"Part 1.—(Preliminaries).—State of things at Cape Coast Castle.—Efforts of the Governor to maintain peace and good relations with the Africans.—Impossibility to obtain from the Ashantees the respect and fulfilment of treaties.—The Fantees, themselves victims of their treachery and cruelty, appeal to England for help and protection; the Governor convokes their chiefs to a palaver.

"Part 2.—(The Palaver).—The chiefs arrive at the palaver preceded by their bards, who sing the praises of a peaceful life.

"Part 3.—(Coomassie).—Koffee Calcalli, King of the Ashantees, is listening to the adulations of his warriors. After the chorus he declares, in haughty words, his intention of holding at once a solemn custom, at which innumerable victims will be sacrificed, to propitiate the Fetish against the insolent troops of the White Queen. The banquet spread, the King's favourite wife, Queen Sappou, sings her savage admiration of her lord. Calcalli then excites his slaves and buffoons to a wild dance, 'Let the joyous music sound,' etc. A troop of maidens join the evolutions, and the orgie is at its height when a messenger warns the King of the approach of Sir Garnet's army. Consternation of the natives and wrath of the King, who calls his braves to arms. Sounding of the English bugles and drums, to which replies the wild war cry of the Ashantees. Then the battle, which ends in the triumphal entry of the British troops into Coomassie. Flight of the Ashantees and liberation of the victims. The war terminated, England reclaims her glorious sons, and, with a tearful sigh for missing faces, welcomes the returning army and conquering leader home."

An idea may be readily gathered of how such a theme would be set to music by a well-intending Frenchman. Enough that *The Ashantee War* is parcelled out into vocal solos, choruses, and orchestral interludes, with accompaniments as demonstrative as possible. To be brief, in our opinion, the putting to such uses events of such grave importance is an offence against good taste. The Ashantee war was too serious a matter to be made the subject of a musical burlesque; and we only pitied Mdle Bianchi (Princess Sappou), Mr Carlton (Governor of Cape Coast Castle), Mr Lewis Thomas (King Koffee Calcalli), and Mr Pearson (a Fantee bard), for the parts they were forced to play in so singular a concoction. The music of M. Hervé is by no means wanting in merit; but such talent as he unquestionably possesses might, we think, have been employed to better purpose. The audience, it must be said to their credit, gave anything but a cordial welcome to this "Heroic Symphony."

The second part of the concert began with an effective selection from M. Hervé's *Chilpéric*, including one of the most popular choruses (encored), and solos for Messrs Levy and Hughes, respectively on the cornet and ophicleide. Mdle Bianchi sang "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*, with charming taste. Mdle Benati gave the Baroness de Rothschild's graceful romance, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," with such unaffected expression as to obtain an "encore"; a new waltz, "Autumn Flowers" (cornet obligato Mr Levy), and a new ballad, "Golden Dreams" (Mr Pearson), both by M. Hervé, and each in its way excellent, were favourably received; Mr Carlton was put down for Cellier's

"Jack and I," and Mr J. Harvey, an English artist, recently arrived from the United States, proved himself a master of that by no means accommodating instrument, the trombone, fit to be placed side by side with the most accomplished professors who for many years have appealed to public opinion. Mr Harvey plays on the trombone with as much ease as if it were a cornet, the most rapid passages being as readily at his command as the slowest. His tone is thoroughly musical, and he varies and modulates it with rare facility. The piece introduced on this occasion was well calculated to exhibit his resources advantageously; and although he came last but one in the programme, he was listened to with as much interest, applauded and recalled with as much unanimity, as if the audience had not already heard music enough and to spare. We are mistaken, or Mr Harvey will be accepted as one of the permanent attractions of the season.

The concert, which could only be blamed for its inordinate length, was brought to an end with great spirit by Jullien's characteristic and not easily forgotten "Sleigh Polka."

After the first night, the movement from Beethoven's *Symphony* was omitted. Why?—The overture to *Masaniello*, on Monday, was substituted for that of *Guillaume Tell*; and, on Tuesday, *Masaniello* was put aside for *Zampa*. There have been other changes, of which it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Mendelssohn is to have the honours of the first "classical" night, and Sir Julius Benedict is to be the conductor.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Everyone who frequents the Salle Monsigny was pleased to see the following notice on the "bill o' the play" of Saturday last:—

"In response to numerous demands, the manager is happy to inform the public that he has made arrangements with M. L. Ketten, 1^{re} tenor léger." M. Ketten is well known as a tenor, not only in Boulogne (where he sang for the whole of the season of 1872), but in several other large towns in France. He is a favourite with the Boulonnaise, and it was, therefore, natural that, on his arrival here for a short sojourn during the *Saison des Bains*, many of his admirers should endeavour to persuade him to sing. His voice is of good compass, and he sings accurately, and with good taste. The opera selected for Saturday was Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*, M. Ketten appearing in the rôle of "Georges Brown," as the "*jeune officier*" is called in the bills. From the moment he came on to the stage, and gave with much effect the solo, "Ah! quelle plaisir d'être soldat," there seemed to be more animation throughout the whole of the company than hitherto. "Viens gentille dame," in Act II., he gave with the tenderness and expression it requires, and he had a hearty recall. "J'aime en galant paladin"—the trio in the *finale* of Act I.—also met with hearty applause. I am happy to say M. Ketten will be among us another fortnight, and will again appear several times at the Salle Monsigny in some of his best parts. The other artists who assisted in *La Dame Blanche* are all known to your readers, so I need only state that M. Larrivé displayed his usual taste and judgment as Gaveston; M. Darcy played Dickson, and Madame Vinay charmed her audience in the part of Anna—being ably supported by Madame Lelong as Jenny.

Lucie on Sunday, with the same cast as on July 2nd.

Last night the first performance of Verdi's *Jerusalem*. The title rather puzzled many of our English visitors, but their curiosity was put an end to when they found on the posters, in smaller characters, *I Lombardi*. It was played to a crammed house, and was really a good performance. M. Robert, tenor, and Mdle Raisin, alto, divided the honours. So good was the impression that the opera is to be repeated to-morrow evening.

On Saturday next, *Faust*; Sunday, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (Ketten in both), and, for the former, new scenery painted by M. Pigis.

The musical attractions of Boulogne increase every day. Concerts, balls, regattas, races, excursions, &c., convince us that the season is a brilliant one. S. C.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, July 29, 1874.

CHEMNITZ.—Herr Stitt, Musical Director here, has just received a valuable diamond ring from the King and Queen of Saxony, in return for a "Festmarsch," which he lately dedicated to their Majesties.

GIOVANNI CARLO CONCIALINI.*

(Continued from page 868, Vol. LI.)

The words of the Apostle Paul: "Let your women keep silence in the churches" had been interpreted as meaning that women should have no share whatever in the services of the Church. But no direct and general prohibition on the subject has ever existed. Women had in so far nothing to do with artistic singing, as the singers belonged to the ecclesiastical profession. Boys as treble singers were not to be relied on, especially on account of the difficult notation of former days. People had, therefore, recourse to the art of the Falsettists, as they were called, that is: men—not castrati,—who by natural aptitude and practice, had developed the falsetto and worked it up to an extraordinary height. They were greatly sought after, even more so than good boy-vocalists.

The first castrato who entered the papal chapel is said to have been named Girolamo Rossini, and to have been appointed as early as 1601. The vocal fraternity probably rebelled, but there was nothing to be done against the express will of the Holy Father. The object of pity, the poor weakling, regarded by all falsettists with contempt and scorn, had been mutilated *ad honorem Dei*, and thus had a sort of claim to his place. It was soon evident that he performed his duties better than many of the falsettists, and so it came to pass, as a matter of course, that no successors were appointed to the latter when they left, their posts being gradually filled up with castrati.

There is no question that we must seek the apogee of artistic Italian singing among the castrati. We may mention: Francesco Bernadi, called Senesino, the principal support of Handel's opera in London, from 1721 to 1733;—Giovanni Carestini, called Cusanino, a white raven among the castrati, inasmuch as the modesty of his behaviour obtained for him nearly as much fame as his distinguished merits as a singer; and the Cavaliere Nicolino Grimaldi, called Nicolini, the great contralto from Venice. The most wonderful were, however, indisputably, Caffarelli and Farinelli, both Neapolitans, and both pupils of Porpora. Gaetano Majorano, called Caffarelli (1703—1783) was the pupil whom Porpora dismissed, after a course of six years' instruction, to the young man's great astonishment, with the words that: he might now confidently set about making his fortune, for he was the first singer in Italy and the world. The wealth Caffarelli amassed enabled him to purchase the Lordship of Santo Dorato, and, as it had formerly been a dukedom, he assumed the title of duke, which afterwards went with an annual income of 12,000 ducats to his nephew. But his grace still continued to insist upon as high terms as ever for his occasional services in a church or a monastery. Carlo Brocchi called Farinelli, (1705—1782), after having travelled triumphantly all over the world, had for ten years to sing the same air every evening to Philip V. of Spain, and thus render it possible, during a few hours at least, for the monarch to be approached. He remained at Madrid, under Philip's successors, from 1737 to 1761, that is 24 years, without appearing in public, but he received a yearly salary of 2000 pounds sterling, and obtained a preponderating influence in state affairs. He cared for this more than for art. Towards the evening of his life he retired to Bologna, where he lived in princely style, and collected the largest musical library ever known, besides doing a great deal of good.

Concialini was, probably, inferior in reputation to the artists above mentioned. But he disdained to flit through the world, like a bird on the wing, and, intent only on heaping up riches by means of his voice; he settled himself firmly on the clod of earth whither fate had wafted him. He became acclimatised in the province of Brandenburg, and died there.

Giovanni Carlo Concialini was born, in 1745, in Sienna, and intended for an apothecary. He was already behind the counter when the attention of his relatives was directed to his wonderfully beautiful voice. As it was not too late, they profited by the hint, to derive from this natural gift of his the greatest possible advantage by the not unusual method of mutilation. They were, however, not destined to be gainers by what they did, as we shall afterwards see. No one has succeeded in discovering where

Concialini received his education as a singer. Can it have been in Munich, as some persons have asserted? The only thing certain is that he soon became the favourite of the public in the capital of Bavaria.

That in the year 1765, to Frederick's great delight, he had been engaged for Berlin, by Count Cataneo in Venice, whither he had returned, we have already said at the commencement of our article. He arrived at Berlin in May, and was at once referred to Agricola, for the purpose of studying the part of Achilles in that composer's opera of *Achille in Sciroe*.

Johann Friedrich Agricola had, since 1751, after the success of his opera, *Il Filosofo convinto*, been Court composer, and, after Gracini's death in 1759, director of the Royal chapel, though without the title of *Capellmeister*. He had of course to provide the operas for the Carneval, and the opera in question had to be got ready in more than ordinary haste, because the King wished to see his Operahouse in all its old splendour, on the occasion of the nuptials of the Prince of Prussia and the Princess Elisabeth of Brunswick. Despite an exhausted treasury, no expense was spared, but Agricola had still a very hard task, especially as he could with difficulty hit things off with Concialini. The fault, however, lay wholly and solely with the composer. According to the opinion held by the elder Relstab, Agricola, though a pupil of Sebastian Bach's, industrious and critical, possessed no talent. Though he could read an admirable discourse upon singing, and was even one of the best singing masters of his day, he was incapable of writing a single melodious passage. This was occasioned by his striving after originality, which Dame Nature had entirely denied him. Yet when in a very great hurry, he was pretty successful in many instances, having no time to set regularly about searching for what was unnatural.

He was, with respect to his *Achille in Sciroe*, in the happy state just described, so it came to pass that the opera was produced on the 16th July, and proved successful. Concialini especially so won the favour of the King by this first part, that, the very next day, he was engaged at a salary of 3,000 thalers, and promised a provision for his old age, if he would remain at Berlin. A number of years, however, elapsed, before he could make his mark, because, as we have seen, opera did not then progress at Berlin.

At length, in 1771, Mad. Mara came, and in Hasse's opera, *Piramo e Tisbe*, Concialini celebrated, with the lady, his first real triumph. He soon rendered himself indispensable, and, when in 1776 his engagement expired, he demanded an enormous extra amount, but, after much persuasion, was contented with 600 thalers.

The new epoch with Mad. Mara soon passed by. The complications between her and the King are well known. The result was that Friederich lost more and more his interest in his Italian opera, which, at his death, was in a sad state of decadence.

His successor, Friedrich Wilhelm II., certainly took a very lively interest in it. He had the Operahouse rebuilt, and strained every nerve to revive its old splendour. But his efforts succeeded only for a short period. It is true that in Johann Friedrich Reichardt he possessed an admirable *Capellmeister*, and in Filistri a skilful libretto manufacturer (we cannot well say: poet), while he could not wish for a better director than Baron von der Reck, but—what singers, especially what *prime donne*? It is true that the celebrated Todi came for a short time, and, after her, Mad. Lebrun, but it was all no good. They were no longer what female Italian singers had been during the first half and in the middle of the century; their exorbitant pretensions were not in the slightest keeping with their abilities. The apogee of artistic Italian singing was over; the reign of Italian Opera was drawing to a close.

The King himself—perhaps unconsciously doing justice to the spirit of the age—materially contributed to enable German art, then just awakening, to spring up and flourish. He raised to the rank of a National Theatre what was previously only Doebbelin's Theatre, and paid Doebbelin a not inconsiderable subvention. The public soon accustomed themselves to take a pleasure in the native artists. This rendered the absurdities of Italian opera all the more striking, as sensible people found out very soon.

(To be continued.)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

"R. C.," "F. P.," AND "THE EARL."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I aim at "TRUTH" only!—and, knowing your keen sense of justice, ask you to give me further space in your valuable journal to record a few facts relating to the noble Earl, whom your correspondent, F. P., still thinks it wise to throw dirt at, with the hope of some of it sticking.

Some five years ago, the noble Earl saw a young rising "English" artist, sketching in Scotland. The Earl, looking at the young painter's work, saw at once the right material was there. This was the beginning of a bright career for the young English artist. Shortly after this chance meeting, the Earl and his amiable lady were about to travel in the east for three years, and invited the young artist to accompany them—upon one condition, which I think ought to satisfy any young English artist, be he painter or musician. This condition was—"that the young English artist was to consider himself the Earl's guest, and to have every facility he required to make the journey enjoyable, and, at the same time, profitable,—not to the Earl, but to the young English rising artist." There, Mr F. P.—is that condition a hard one? It might not have satisfied you—or Mr Odger—whom you call in to back up your argument; but, I confess, it would have satisfied me, when young and full of ardour, struggling up the hill—that hill which so many clever men have to struggle up, and find so steep in after life, for want of a patron.—(I like the word "patron," if the Odger family don't).

The whole of the time the young English artist was travelling with the Earl and his lady he received nothing but the most marked kindness and attention. He was not packed off to any dirty little hotel or lodging; but where the Earl stayed the young English artist stayed, and, by the aid of the Earl's interest, the young artist was able to visit and sketch tribes and places, in safety, where no other European had gone, or dared to go, before. On the Earl's return to England, he went to the expense and inconvenience of having his fine gallery fitted up with screens, and exhibited the young rising English painter's works. He and his amiable Countess sent out invitation cards in all directions, and for three weeks Dudley House, in Park Lane, was besieged with visitors, somewhat similar to those at the Royal Academy. The Earl's kindness did not stop there. He selected some hundreds of pounds' worth of sketches, handing over to the young English artist much higher prices than he himself would have thought of asking from a stranger. The Earl also introduced the "rising young artist" to many distinguished patrons of the arts, who also gave him handsome commissions. The "young rising English artist's" fortune is now made by the pure disinterestedness of the "noble Earl Dudley." I call this a "fine element in the nobleman's character," and think all readers of the *Musical World* will endorse my opinion, in spite of what "F. P." and the Odger family may say; and I know the fact I have stated is not a solitary case of the noble Earl's kindness of heart to rising English artists, both musicians and painters.

Before the present absurd police regulations everybody was away and the gas put out at "Old Drury" in a quarter of an hour, or at the outside, twenty minutes. On the night I mentioned in my last letter it was about eleven, the opera being just over, when I left my wife in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, to procure a cab, and it was ten minutes to twelve when we started for home, and then we saw ladies shivering in the cold and damp vestibule. Some regulations there should be, but the present are both vexatious and absurd, and should be altered. I regret not to be able to form an opinion upon F. P. as a musician, but by the "taste" he displays in his letters I should pronounce him a "genius!" I sincerely hope the public may appreciate his compositions, and that he is not thrust out of sight by a mass of foreign and English presumption, waiting to be dug out by "An Earl." But I beg F. P.'s pardon. He, like the Odger family, has a soul above "coronets" or "crowns!" F. P. may "throw" as many "words" at me as he likes; but I can't stand "dirt!" Yours &c.,

August 8th, 1874.

R. C.

FLORENCE.—It is said that Sig. Scalaberini intends giving Anber's *Fils prodigue*, and Sig. Gomez's *Guarany*, at the Teatro della Pergola next season.—It is now decided that *Aida* will be produced in the autumn at the Teatro Pagliano, with Sig. Usiglio as conductor.—Among the rare musical works sold during the last month by the well-known bookseller, G. G. Guidi, may be mentioned *Melopie sive Harmonie tetracentica super XXII genere carminum Heroicorum Elegiacorum Lyricorum et ecclesiasticorum hymnorum per Petrum Tritonium et alios doctos*, etc. One folio volume, containing twenty pages of music and two wood engravings, "Il Parnaso" and "Le Costellazioni." *Impressum Auguste per Erardo Oglin, anno sequimillesimo et VII. Auguste*. Fatis mentions this as the first musical work printed in Germany by Oglin, who was a contemporary of Ottaviano Petrucci.

OPERA IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Royal English Opera Company has just completed the longest operatic season ever run in Christchurch. The success has been unprecedented. Not only were the operas placed on the stage in a superior manner to anything ever before seen here, but the *prima donna* has given greater satisfaction than any other who has appeared before a Christchurch audience. In the *Lyttelton Times* the following résumé is given:—

* During the season, which commenced on April 20, the management produced twelve grand operas and two operettas, as follows:—*Maritana*, four times; *Satanella*, four times; *Der Freischütz*, twice; *Lily of Killarney*, thrice; *Bohemian Girl*, four times; *Daughter of the Regiment*, twice; *Fra Diavolo*, twice; *Genevieve de Brabant*, four times; *Sonnambula*, once; *Blue Beard*, four times; *Grand Duchess*, four times; *Rose of Castile*, twice; and Offenbach's *Lüchen and Fritschen*, once.

On the occasion of Miss Alice May's benefit, when the house was crowded in every part, a very handsome presentation was made on behalf of the subscribers, at the conclusion of the opera, by Sir Cracroft Wilson (the Indian judge who so largely helped to put down the mutiny in India). It consisted of a necklet and locket set with diamonds and pearls—an exact copy of one presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh—enclosed in a case of New Zealand wood, with silver plate, bearing this inscription:—"Presented to Alice May by a few of her admirers in Christchurch, New Zealand." Sir Cracroft Wilson, in the course of his "presentation" speech, said, that not only as a *prima donna* had she won the hearts of her hearers, but, as a woman, she had enlisted all their sympathies.

Christchurch, New Zealand, June 6.

CRICKET MATCH

PLAYED AT LORD'S, BETWEEN ELEVEN OF CRAMER & CO., AND ELEVEN OF CHAPPELL & CO., AUG. 8, 1874.

CHAPPELL & CO.			
	1st inn.		2nd inn.
W. Joy, b Hardy	5	run out	5
G. Jeffrey, b Darville	1	b Wood	7
A. Dolleymore, b Hardy	1	c Darville, b Wood	0
A. Winterbottom, b Darville	0	b Darville	6
A. Peacock, b Hardy	2	b Wood	2
Smith (not out)	13	st Hayes, b Hardy	3
Kerslake, run out	0	c Rowe, b Hardy	0
Lister, c & b Hardy	2	not out	0
Samuel, run out	2	b Hardy	4
Bower, c Rowe, b Hayes	7	lb.w., b Hardy	0
Browning, b Hardy	2	b Darville	0
Byes	3	Byes	21
Wides	10	Wides	5
Total	48	Total	53

CRAMER & CO.

Darville, b Dolleymore	16
Wood, lb.w., b Joy	35
Hardy, b Dolleymore	5
Stevens, b Dolleymore	3
Hayes, st Peacock, b Smith	35
Dowling, ht. w., b Dolleymore	0
Rowe, b Dolleymore	6
Eastman, c Dolleymore, b Joy	7
Stiles, b Dolleymore	3
Dimsdale, b Dolleymore	0
Scrutton, not out	4
Byes	3
Wides	4
Total	121

Umpires—Messrs Jordan and S. A. Chappell.

Scorers—Messrs J. H. Davey and Beeston.

WIENBADEN.—Leopold Auer has been playing here with great success at the Kurhaus Concert.—Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been given at the Stadttheater, for the benefit of *Kapellmeister* Jahn, with Herr Diener, from Berlin, Fraulein Seegal, Herr Philippi, and Mme Schmidt Zimmermann as Elsa, before a crowded house.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. K.—Mlle Victoria Bunsen is at her native town, Lysekil, in Sweden. The Mdlles Buster and Fredsberg have been giving concerts lately at Aalesund and other towns in Norway.

BIRTH.

On Friday, the 7th inst., the wife of Mr G. LANSDOWN COTTELL, of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 5th inst., suddenly, in a railway carriage, Mr EDMOND ALLAN musicseller, of Wolverhampton.

On the 11th inst., at 21, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, after a short illness, in his 44th year, WILLIAM HENRY HOPWOOD, music-publisher, of 42, New Bond Street.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

THE subjoined letter from Muzio Clementi, addressed to a late chief of the eminent house of Collard (then Clementi and Collard), followed, as it is, by notes on men of the time, from the pen of our esteemed contributor, Dr Ferdinand Rahles, will be read with interest by every amateur:—

"DEAR COLLARD,—A happy new year and many returns to all my dear partners and their families! I am on the point of leaving this place for a three weeks' excursion to Naples; but could not think of doing so without acknowledging the receipt of the £500 you sent me; the £150 in notes I received at Berlin, and the rest was forwarded to me at Munich; and I ought, no doubt, as a man of business, to have given you notice of it; but when you consider that I am a composer, and a travelling one, and with a young wife too, and, besides, in such a country as Italy, I hope your indulgence will step forward and plead my cause. From this — place you will be disappointed if you expect any orders for instruments; but from Naples I shall doubtless have quite a different story to tell. Be prepared then for (I give you timely notice you see) a grand order—for a small square instrument, which may, perhaps, procure orders for a couple more in twenty or thirty years' time. Don't mistake the matter though, and imagine the order to be already given; 'tis but a conjecture. Some day or other, however, I shall make ample amends for all this; for in case war continues to shut up the passage from Calais to Dover, it is my intention to pay a visit to Moscow, and then, of course, a deluge of orders will ensue, till at last your delicate fingers will ache with booking and receiving money. Poor Collard! Don't direct your answer here, for, at my return from Naples, I don't know how long I shall favour Rome with my presence; my charming Caroline being in a thriving way, and very unwilling to become the mother of a modern Roman. Direct, therefore, at once to Leipzig, chez Messrs Breitkopf and Haertel*, where we shall stay two or three days on our way to Berlin. You need not write immediately to Leipzig, for I should wish to receive your latest intelligence, and we shall not reach that place before the end of March or the beginning of April.

"Has Haertel sent you Haydn's two songs and his sonata?"

* Breitkopf and Haertel, music publishers at Leipzig.

He told me he expected from Beethoven three sonatas for the pianoforte and a Sinfonia Concertante for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which he will send you, and our share of the price is £50 sterling. Haertel and I had a long conversation upon the subject of Duport*, and we agreed it would not do. In the first place, his name is a little antiquated, which, in musical matters especially, you know, is a great drawback, and the price Haertel found exorbitant. He is sure Romberg will write such a book for 100 louis d'or. What a difference in price and reputation!—for Romberg is now esteemed the first player on his instrument. Have you seen Woelff's three sonatas, Op. 19, dedicated to me? They are published at Erard's. They write to my wife from Hamburg that Lütger and others (Dumark seems to be one of the others, but the name is badly written) sell a great many grand pianofortes under the name of Muzio Clementi, London, and that Lütger, having a workman from our shops, makes small ones in imitation of our patent. Can't you put a stop to that which is wrong in all this, or have you sent instruments to Lütger and others? Have you heard from the Bureau des Arts?—I just now learn that Lauska's† instrument has arrived at Stettin, as well as the square one for Mr Schmuker. From Zurich, Naegeli‡ writes that you have received manuscripts of Beethoven and Woelff, but he has not received the manuscripts of Cramer and Dussek which you had promised. He expects Woelff soon, and probably Beethoven will pay him a visit in the course of the winter. Hopes to get MSS. from both, and wishes to know beforehand what manuscripts you could give him as an equivalent. He has sent you patterns of belly-wood, which you have not yet acknowledged. This intelligence is, however, stale, for he sent it me first to Berlin, dated 3rd October. I have agreed to sell him (for the Continent) three new sonatas which are almost finished, and which I shall send you in good time to print in London. This has nothing to do with the MS. exchange. Now I must beg the favour of you to send me an excellent grand pianoforte for my own use (and which may prove a bait), directed thus:—Monsieur Muzio Clementi, Compositeur de Musique, No. 14, Propstgasse, Berlin. If the port of Hamburg be not open, send it by Stettin, as usual. You may forward it as soon as you like, as my father-in-law will take care of it till my arrival, and I should not like to be in Berlin without such an instrument. A million of compliments to all enquiring friends. My rib wishes me to say a thousand kind things to my partner's good ladies; and I beg to be remembered to Nabob-Banger, Stirring-Hyde, and Puffing-Davis. Remaining &c., &c., &c.,

"MUZIO CLEMENTI.

"Rome, January 1st, 1805.

"P.S.—Have you sent a grand pianoforte to a pupil of mine of the name of Klengel? 'Twas to have been sent to Berlin."

From the above letter, we find that the great Clementi, the Father of the Sonata, was also gifted with remarkable mercantile abilities, and sound judgment in business matters. He seems to have had more propensity for making money than a great artist should incline to; but, nevertheless, he never forgot the artist in favour of the merchant. It is astonishing how many musical revolutions he witnessed during his artistic career of nearly fifty years. He was born in 1752, when Handel was still alive; and at the demise of Clementi, 1832, Beethoven and Carl Maria von Weber had both already rested some years in their graves. When Clementi made his appearance in public as an artist Mozart was only fourteen years of age, Haydn was known only in a small limited circle; and at Clementi's death Mendelssohn's

* Duport and Bernard Romberg were both celebrated artists on the violoncello, and also composers. The object was a book of instruction for the violoncello.

† Lauska—an excellent pianoforte player and composer living at Berlin.

‡ Naegeli—music-publisher and composer at Zurich, also celebrated through his criticisms and literature on music.

first book of "Songs without Words" was just published, and his overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* had been enjoyed by the musical world about five years. The particularity of having lived through nearly the whole of the newest history of music is observable in Clementi's works, especially with regard to technicality, notwithstanding that the beauties remained still in their ideality. We find in our musical records that, only from the middle of the past century, artists and composers combined, and entered into branches of their own art in a business-like way, either as musicsellers, music-publishers, or manufacturers of instruments. Before that period they seem to have devoted themselves exclusively to art, and were only inspired by the divinity of their calling and higher destiny as artists.

As soon as music spread her wings more over the public at large, and fascinated our amateurs, printed and engraved music, instruments also, came more in demand and gave proofs that these subjects realized handsome incomes. Naturally musicians thought the pitiable share they received from their popularity, either as composers or performers of their works, was not sufficient, and they liked to realize more for themselves by adding business to art. Handel, one day dissatisfied with his publisher, said to him: "The next time, you compose and I will publish." From Clementi's letter we learn, also, the way in which publishers exchanged their manuscripts; but it seems now at the present time, different. For enumeration we will mention a few artists who followed Clementi, by combining art and mercantile enterprise together, and with benefit.

IGNACE PLEYEL, a pupil of Haydn, to gain profit from the approbation of his name and the admiration of his popular compositions, established himself as music-publisher at Paris. His business was considered, in a short time, to be the first in Paris, and he realised a handsome fortune. Later, he erected, with Kalkbrenner, a pianoforte manufactory, which his son, Camille Pleyel, continued, and the firm is still in existence.

FRANCIS ANTON HOFFMEISTER, contemporary with Pleyel, and a composer of repute, entered into partnership with the well-known organist, Kühnel, at Leipzig, as music-publishers. The name of the establishment was the "Bureau de Music." They published not only their own works, but also high class compositions of the best masters. Both commenced as artists and ended as merchants.

NICOLAS SIMROCK was a celebrated performer on the French horn, in the band of the Prince Elector, at Bonn. When the French entered the Electorate, the Prince dissolved the establishment. Simrock became an engraver of music, and then added a publishing business, which he extended on a grand scale, and died a rich man. One of his sons is now sole proprietor, and the musical world has been enriched by many noted musical works of their publishing.

HENRY HERZ, the great performer, and composer of numerous compositions for the piano, was everywhere known. Besides his artistic pursuits, he established a manufactory of pianos, and the speculation of building a large concert-hall, called "Salle de Herz," at Paris, turned out a very profitable one.

THALBERG, *impresario* of an Italian Opera in the United States at the time of the outbreak of the civil war, was obliged to dissolve the company. Instead of gaining, he lost considerably. Many more may not have been so lucky as some we have mentioned by electing to be merchants and artists at once. A reverse case, which we believe to be almost unexampled, is that of the celebrated composer, Auber, who changed his vocation as merchant and became an artist.

DR FERDINAND RAHLES.

Malvern House, Grove Street Road, South Hackney, August, 1874.

Dr Ferdinand Rahles has overlooked Johann Ludwig Dussek, who, as a music-publisher, in partnership with Corri, failed in this country. Also—Thalberg was never a director of Italian opera in the United States, or anywhere else.

—o—
WHO does not know that, "once upon a time," an Organ-blower proudly remarked, one Sunday, to the Organist of the church at which they both officiated: "We have played very well to-day?" And who is ignorant of the Organist's indignant rejoinder? Yet that Organ-blower's

ambition to be regarded as having a share in the performance was founded on a certain substratum of truth, as was proved the Sunday following, when, for want of wind—in the pipes of his instrument—the Organist came utterly to grief, and discovered, by bitter experience, the truth of the line:—

"On a souvenir besoin d'un plus petit que soi."

We cannot deny that "Once upon a time" is rather vague, but, considering it is the date assigned as that when most of the Kings and Queens of fairy lore existed, it would be ungracious to object to it. Besides, to make matters pleasant, we are prepared to admit that the event to which we have referred may have occurred a few years earlier or later than the epoch mentioned. Then again, it may be impossible to settle which was the precise parish where the Organ-blower and his Organist were employed? What of that? If it were always indispensable to back up an assertion with a mathematical demonstration of its correctness, half the landmarks in history would vanish as though they were dissolving views, and a goodly number of historical personages be melted down, like their effigies at Mad. Tussaud's. Having thus established beyond a doubt the truth of our anecdote, we will proceed.

It is much to be regretted that the craving which many persons exhibit to be thought important is totally unjustified, and that they themselves, compared with the Organ-blower, are mere pretenders to notoriety. They have not even the same claim on our respect as the parochial Bumble, whose cocked hat, long red coat, with its skirts reaching to his feet, and its buttons of the size of cheese-plates, whose vicious-looking cane, and, generally, purpled nose, certainly did inspire our boyish mind with an amount of awe which is not yet, to speak frankly, quite obliterated. Of such persons, we should say, must the Municipal Council of Busseto, or, at least, the majority of that body, be composed.

We all know that, on the 22nd of last May, a grand *Messa da Requiem*, or Mass for the Dead, composed by Verdi in memory of his deceased friend, Manzoni, was executed for the first time in the church of Saint Mark at Milan; that it was exceedingly successful; that Herr Hans von Bülow refused in disdainful terms to be present on the occasion, and spoke anything but flatteringly of him whom he designated the "Attila of the Gullet," thereby lashing the Milanese into a state of frenzy which rendered it advisable for Herr von Bülow to retire from Milan; that the Mass was afterwards given for three nights at the Scala, and thence transported to the Opéra-Comique, Paris, where, under the personal conductorship of Verdi, it was performed by a picked band and chorus, the principal vocalists being the same as at Milan. But what has all this to do with Busseto, or Busseto with all this? At first, the general reader might be puzzled to answer the question. If hard pressed he would, probably, after some reflection, have a faint, glimmering recollection that Verdi was somehow or other connected with Busseto; though he might not be quite sure whether the link attaching the composer to the town was the fact of the composer's having once lodged there, or been born there, or filled the post of organist there, or had a villa there. After still further reflection, the said general reader would arrive at the conviction that there *must* have been something of the kind between Verdi and the town; and he would be right. Still he might be puzzled to see in what way this constituted a reason why the Municipality of Busseto should forward a telegram to the Prefect of the Seine, thanking "grand and generous Paris," for the reception awarded to their *concitoyen* Verdi

and his Mass. We may remark that, with the exception of an infinitesimal part of its population, "grand and generous Paris" troubled its head very little about Verdi's Mass, and that the Prefect of the Seine was a strange person to select as the recipient of the telegraphic message of thanks; but we state openly that, as the Prefect of the Seine was thus selected, we shall regard it as a national slight, requiring the interchange of notes between the Foreign Offices of England and Italy, if, whenever Sig. Verdi's *Aida* is produced in England, the Municipality of Busseto are not as gushingly grateful to the Lord Mayor of London as they have shown themselves towards the Prefect of the Seine.

In his charge to the Watch, Dogberry says: "For your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity." Had this ancient officer of an Italian Municipality in olden times lived now-a-days, he might have commenced his address: "For your writing, your reading, and your telegraphing." The Municipality of Busseto have acted, however, even without the hint, and proved that the spirit of Dogberry still exists among them. If not so amusing, they are quite as consequential and important as the whilom constable of Messina, and were, perhaps, quite as unconscious they were making themselves ridiculous. As to their telegraphic gratitude for the honour done their *concitoyen* Verdi, it is an exceedingly transparent veil flung over the high opinion they entertain of Verdi's *concitoyens*, themselves. That opinion, it is evident, they think the world ought to share. Why? By what perversion of argument can Verdi's fame and Verdi's talent affect them? What had they to do with Verdi's Mass? Exactly as much as the Fly in the fable had to do with the traction of the Coach. By the way, when Lafontaine wrote the four lines:

"Ainsi certains gens, faisant les empressés,
S'introduisent dans les affaires:
Ils font partout les nécessaires,
Et, partout importuns, devraient être chassés,"

we might almost fancy he had in his mind a presentiment of the present Municipal Council of Busseto. N. V. N.

The Bonaunt of an Aunt.

I had an aunt. I never saw her face,
Ne'er felt the pressure of her fond embrace.
(Excuse the tear that pearls my drooping lid).
She married young. I don't know why she did—
I only know my aunt (her name was Hannah)
Was married young, and settled in Havannah.
And she was fair. The fact I can't recall,
Because I ne'er set eyes on her at all.
(Excuse the sigh which bids this bosom heave)
Ere I was born it was her lot to leave,
And since, of course, I, therefore, never saw her,
In glowing terms I don't know how to draw her.
She married young. And, for that matter, I
Have strictly followed her example high!
Well! I have now six daughters and a boy,
And slender is the wage of my employ;
And though she lives so far across the water,
Aunt Hannah is my mother's father's daughter.
She is reputed rich. She therefore might
Assist me when the money market's tight;
I don't know where she lives—or if she's dead.
She never writes, too, must in truth be said.
Does she suppose that I've no expectations?—
Oh, the hard-heartedness of one's relations.

—Fun.

BUSSETO.—After having long remained closed, the Teatro Verdi is to be re-opened very shortly. Two operas, by Sig. Pedrotti, *Tutti in Maschera* and *Fiorina*, are to be the chief attractions of the season.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HENRI HERZ has resigned his post as professor of the pianoforte at the Paris Conservatoire. Herz has had enough of distinction and celebrity, and it is not to be wondered at that he should seek for a little repose in his declining years.

SIG. GOMEZ is not the only musician who has chosen a libretto entitled *Salvator Rosa*. In 1832, Sig. Rastrelli brought out an opera with the same name at the Theatre Royal, Dresden; in 1837, a *Salvator Rosa* was performed in Milan; so was another, by Herr Sobolewski, at Königsberg, in 1848; while lastly M. Duprato produced yet another with the like appellation, at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in 1861.

THE little house in which Mozart composed *Die Zauberflöte* has been as our readers are, perhaps, aware, presented by Prince Staremberg to the Mozarteum of Salzburg. The authorities of that institution intend keeping in this house a large album containing all the portraits and all the autographs of Mozart which they can collect, and appeal to the generosity of those possessing such relics to aid in increasing the collection.

SPEAKING of Leicester Square, the *Athenæum* observes as a curious fact, that the house in St Martin's Street, in which Sir Isaac Newton resided during the last fourteen years of his life, bears no commemorative medallion or other mark of honour. It is the large house next to Orange Street Independent Chapel, and the first floor is used as a school-room in connection with the chapel. Newton did not die here, but at Kensington (March 20, 1726-7), whither he had removed for change of air.

THE Central London Throat and Ear Hospital (Manchester Street, Gray's Inn Road), which is of such service to the poorer members of the musical and dramatic professions, has, in addition to the patronage of Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict, some time since elected vice-presidents, recently obtained the support of the Marquise de Caux (Madame Adelina Patti), and Mdlle Tietjens, both of whom consent to be lady-patronesses. Since the hospital was opened, in the spring, upwards of 1,000 patients have been treated.

THE Grand Duke of Saxe Coburg has bestowed the "Order of Merit for Art and Science" upon Madame Christine Nilsson Rouzand, and also the "Order of the Coburg House" (in addition to the Second Class) upon Mr Arthur S. Sullivan. Both the gifted Swedish songstress and the no less gifted English composer have, as already stated, been staying at Coburg, guests of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The honour paid them is the more to be valued if, as we understand, the Grand Duke is rather chary in conferring such distinctions.

AMONG the rare musical works sold during the last month by the well-known bookseller, G. G. Guidi, may be mentioned *Melopie sive Harmonie tetracentice super XXII genere carminum Heroicorum Elegiacorum Lyricorum et ecclesiasticorum hymnorum per Petrum Tritonium et alios doctos, etc.* One folio volume, containing twenty pages of music and two wood engravings, "Il Parnasso" and "Le Costellazioni." Impressed Auguste per Erardo Oglin, anno sesquimillesimo et VII. Auguste. Fétis mentions this as the first musical work printed in Germany by Oglin, who was a contemporary of Ottaviano Petrucci.

THE bicentenary of the birth of Dr Isaac Watts, which the good people of Southampton celebrated last month, recalls to mind the connection of the noted divine and hymn-writer with the City of London. He was for several years the coadjutor of Dr Chauncy at the Mark-lane Independent Chapel, and subsequently its minister; and he was buried in Bunhill-fields. But the most remarkable thing was the long-continued and warm friendship which existed between him and Sir Thomas Abney, who was Lord Mayor in 1701, and in whose residence at Stoke Newington Dr Watts was domesticated. As one of the doctor's biographers has said, "there is no circumstance in English literary biography parallel to the residence of this sacred bard in the house of a friend for the long period of thirty-six years." In Abney House he had apartments assigned to him, of which he enjoyed the use as freely as if he had been the owner.

THE budget of the City of Paris estimates that the total revenue derived by the municipality from the four municipal theatres is 523,000*fr.*, from which 52,500*fr.* has to be deducted for the cost of superintendence and repairs, leaving a net balance of 470,500*fr.* The Châtelet is let at 100,000*fr.*, independently of the shops and apartments, which bring in 82,000*fr.* more; the Gaité is rented at 110,000*fr.*, and the Vaudeville produces 120,000*fr.* A shop is let for 8,000*fr.*; the Lyrique is estimated to bring in 80,000*fr.*, and the shops attached 25,000*fr.* The city derives a considerable revenue from the letting of ground in the Champs Elysées, between the Place de la Concorde and the Rond-Point. The buildings are erected at the cost of the tenants. The rents vary from 10*fr.* a year for a weighing machine, and 30*fr.* each for the stalls, to 40,000*fr.* for the hire of the Pavillon de l'Horloge, which belongs to the city. The ground rents paid by other buildings are:—The Circus, 3,980*fr.*; Théâtre Marigny, 1,718*fr.*; Pavillon Ledoyen, 10,000*fr.*; Panorama, 15,220*fr.*; Pavillon des Ambassadeurs, 3,697*fr.*; Morel, 4,000*fr.*; de la Concorde, 8,100*fr.*; the Punch and Judy Shows pay 200*fr.* a year each; and the Concert-Besselièvre yields about 22,000*fr.* by a tax of 18 per cent. on the receipts. The Municipal Council has before it an application for ground for an aquarium, which would produce 3,600*fr.*

No less a sum than 1,604,000 francs has been voted by the National Assembly at Versailles for certain lyric and dramatic theatres and other institutions in Paris, the majority of which, time out of mind, have been accustomed to the Government "subvention"—a privilege unknown to this country. The Grand Opera gets 800,000 francs, with 20,000 additional for its "Caisse des retraites;" the Théâtre Français, 240,000; the Opéra Comique, 140,000; the Théâtre Lyrique, 100,000; the Odéon, 60,000. To the Paris Conservatoire and its provincial branches a sum of 220,000 francs is awarded; a fresh subvention of 4,000 francs accruing to the Conservatoire at Dijon. The other items are of less interest; but the whole shows how, after all her recent trials, France still looks after and encourages the highest enterprises in that direction of art appealing most to the taste, and contributing most largely to the gratification and amusement, of the capital. The performances of the Théâtre Lyrique company will, it is understood, be given this year, and for some time onward, at the Théâtre Ventadour. A certain number of representations in Italian are to alternate with those devoted exclusively to French Opera—but this not until 1875. About the new Grand Opera, which is to open in January, under the direction of M. Halanzier, it only remains to add to what has already been said, that the first unknown work to be produced is the long-expected *Jeanne d'Arc* of M. Mermet—some time in the autumn of next year. What with M. Gounod's cantata, the pianoforte sonata of Sir Sterndale Bennett (dedicated to Madame Arabella Goddard), and the forthcoming opera of M. Mermet, the Maid of Orleans would seem to be recovering all her pristine importance, not only as a poetic symbol, but as a public figure.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The London Gaiety Company have been giving Offenbach's opera bouffe, *The Princess of Trebizonde*, with success, Miss E. Farren, Miss Augusta Thompson, and Mr C. Lyall exciting, in their respective parts, roars of laughter. At the Queen's Theatre, Mr George Perren and his "English Opera Company" have been giving *Maritana*. Balfe's *Rose of Castile* and *Bohemian Girl*, Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, and Macfarren's *Robin Hood* are "underlined."

LONDON.—Dr Spink's recital on the grand organ at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening—says the *Express*—drew together a large and enthusiastic audience. Nothing could be more effective or welcome to a miscellaneous company than the "Sweet Bells of Aneona," in which the Carillon stop, lately presented by the Mayor, was used to such purpose as to evoke a determined encore. We understand that some eminent organists present on Saturday evening not only expressed their great delight with the organ generally, but were especially delighted with the effect of the bells.

JERSEY.—The first of the series of grand concerts, announced by Mr Milne, took place on Tuesday evening (August 4), in the Royal Hall, under the patronage of His Excellency Major-General Nortcott, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor. As a musical success the concert left nothing to be desired. About the merits of the artists—Madame Wells, Mr Nichol-

son (the eminent flautist), Miss Maas (contralto), and Mr Christian—who are bound to speak in terms of high praise. The programme was very attractive, combining trios, duets, and solos selected from the best class of ballad and operatic music. One of Mr Nicholson's greatest successes—writes the *Jersey Times*—was a selection of national airs, the performance of which aroused the audience to enthusiasm. Madame Wells' delivery of "Lo! here the gentle lark" (Bishop), flute and *obbligato* by Mr Nicholson, was equally successful. Miss Maas gave Mr Hullah's "Storm," and Mr Christian gave Molloy's "Vagabond" (words by C. L. Kenney)—both in excellent style.

CARDIGAN.—Mr Brinley Richards' Concerts, in aid of the musical fund of the University College of Wales, took place in this town on Friday, July 31st.—The *Cambrian News* of August 7th informs us that—"Mr Brinley Richards, Caradog, Mr Jarrat Roberts, Miss Mary Davies, and Miss Lizzie Evans, of London, took the principal part in the proceedings, assisted by the Cardigan United Choir, under the leadership of Mr T. Parry, of London. Unfortunately, the attendance at the morning concert was very poor, but this deficiency was fully compensated for by the "popular concert" held at Bethanea Chapel in the evening. Mr L. James, Mayor, was voted to the chair. Mr Brinley Richards, in his artistic style, gave two solos on the pianoforte, and also accompanied most of the singers on the pianoforte. The singing of Miss Evans and Miss Davies was greatly appreciated. Caradog appeared twice, and his performances on the violin excited unusual attention. The Cardigan United Choir, under the leadership of Mr T. Parry, London, did credit to their instructors. During the evening the audience was addressed by Mr Brinley Richards, Mr Stephen Evans, London, Gohebydd, and others. The concert terminated with 'God save the Queen,' the solos by Misses Evans and Davies.

CONCERT.

MR SEYMOUR SMITH brought out at the Polytechnic, on Monday last, with success, his new "musical eccentricity," entitled *Zülla, an Old Friend with a New Face; or, the Sisters! the Supper! and the Shoe!* No one, we think, will have to complain of the shortness of the title. The story is written, the effects are invented and produced, and the music is selected by, Dr Croft. The pianoforte music is arranged by Mr Seymour Smith, and the instrumental arrangements are by Mr E. Frewin. Mr Seymour Smith was "musically" assisted by the Misses Carlotta Fredex, Mabel Mostyn, and Lillie Bartlett, and the incidental characters were by Miss Westbrook, Messrs Fuller, Leicester and Jefferys. The story being that of *Cinderella*, we need not recapitulate. The music is taken from various sources (including *La Fille de Mme Angot*, as a matter of course), and is well fitted to the words to which Dr Croft has adapted it. Mr Seymour Smith's new entertainment is quite worthy a visit to the Royal Polytechnic.

MUNICH.—A correspondent writes us word that on the 4th inst. the King of Bavaria sent a letter of congratulation to the President of the "German Singer Festival," to take place at Munich, for the successful preliminary arrangements for the Festival, and accepting the invitation to be present.

Wer kumt die Städte, neunt die Namen
Die gastlich nur zusammen kamen.

Since yesterday, the 8th inst., the contingent of the German Sing Vereine, numbering about 6,000, held their triumphant entry into Munich, and were received at the different stations with enthusiastic cheers by the Munich choral societies. The town is in its Sunday clothes, all the houses are decorated with flowers, flags, and drapery of national colours, the Carlsplatz, the Neuheuser, the Kunsinger Strasse, and all others look splendid. The weather was very fine till late in the evening, when a storm came on and slightly damaged the decorations. The music arrangements are under the conductorship of Kapellmeister Franz Lachner, who composed a cantata for the occasion—*Marte Imperator*. The number of singers are—800, Munich; 800, Dresden; 900, Leipzig; and 2,000 from other towns. All are to sing separately for a prize, which will be awarded, on the last days, to the best of the choral unions. An orchestra of 120 will assist. In the reception-hall there are three large casks in the area, on which is the following inscription:—

"Wus aller Sorgen zu entrücken
Und Lieb und Seele zu ergnicken
Was giebt es denn Besseres als
Der Frank von Hoper & Malz."

and also—

"Merkt euch vor allen Dingen
Das Strinken gehört zum Singen
Dach will es mit stier bedenken
Das Singen gehört zum Trinken."

The first concert took place before a large and enthusiastic audience.

NEW MUSICAL SOCIETY.

(From the "Graphic.")

A new society has been instituted, which styles itself "Musical Association for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the art and science of Music." Nearly all the leading members of the profession have joined it, although we miss six important names—those of Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Michael Costa, Mr J. L. Hatton, Mr Henry Smart, and Dr Samuel Sebastian Wesley. The committee already formed includes Messrs W. Chappell, John Hullah, and C. K. Salaman, Drs W. Pole, J. Stainer, and Stone. What may be the precise views of the association we are unable at present to make out; but it is consoling to learn that concert-giving is not one of them. "Investigation and discussion," etc., sounds very well; but as the "investigation and discussion" are to be held with closed doors, they can be of little benefit to the outside world. Moreover, we are anxious to be enlightened as to the precise signification of the phrase—"science of music." Music, like painting and poetry, is unquestionably an art—not a science. If, like science, music were an exact thing, all educated composers would write after the same fashion; whereas, it need hardly be said, they do nothing of the kind. If music were a science it would follow that either Beethoven or Rossini must be an ignoramus. We can understand the science of acoustics (although that is by no means universally agreed upon); but the science of music surpasses our comprehension. All the rules and dogmas that one composer may have set up for himself, and looked upon as absolute, may, not simply with impunity, but with advantage to the variety of artistic forms of expression, be disregarded by another, perhaps his equal in ability—this, by the way, involving an admission, that men of genius are influenced otherwise than by an inspiration of which they themselves can give no account. If, however, the association effects something towards the establishment of fixed principles, as the basis of all art-work, it will have done good; but while so many have pet theories of their own, and are unable to be of a mind even about the fundamental roots from which the musical scale is derived, there can be small hope of any such result. At the same time, a musical society which has no idea of giving public concerts is to be hailed with cordiality *quand même*. The Royal Albert Hall will gape for it.

WAIFS.

A cricket-match was played at Lord's on Saturday, between the chief working representatives of two of our greatest music-publishing firms—eleven from Chappell and Co., and eleven from Cramer and Co. We are compelled to record the fact that New Bond Street was shamefully beaten by Regent Street—the two Chappell-innings realizing, in all, 101, while the one Cramer-innings reached 121. *Fi donc!*—try again. The umpires were Messrs Jordan and S. Arthur Chappell (director of the Monday Popular Concerts); the scorers were Messrs J. H. Davey and Beeston. The weather was fine, and the playing might have been finer.—*Graphic*.

Miss Rose Hersee, our admirable English soprano, has been singing during the last fortnight at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, as *prima donna* of English Opera. In *Mariana*, *Lucia*, and the *Sonnambula* she has had a brilliant success. For Dublin, Miss Hersee is studying the *Lily of Killarney*, which is to be given next week at the Gaiety Theatre.

Signor Caravoglia has left for the Continent, but returns to London early in September.

Mr H. J. Montague, of the Globe, is about to commence a starring tour through the United States.

The overture at M. Hervé's Promenade Concerts, on Wednesday, was Auber's *Diamonds de la Couronne*.

Signor Tambrilick is still in Paris. He will shortly, however, go to St Petersburg, where formerly, like Tamburini, he was dispenser of all operatic honours.

Signor Foli has gone to Italy to take the baths. He thence comes to London, to fulfil an engagement at M. Hervé's Promenade Concerts, at Covent Garden, and from London proceeds to Moscow, where he is again engaged for the Opera season. At Moscow Signor Foli is a prodigious favourite.

M. and Mme Marchesi are at Ostend, where they intend passing the holidays, in company with M. and Mme Gevaert. Why does not M. Gevaert, after the success of his *Quentin Durward*, try his experienced hand at another of the romances of Sir Walter Scott?—the *Black Dwarf*, for example.

"*Tiny Travels*," a new book, by Mr J. Ashby-Sterry, author of the "*Shuttlecock Papers*," will shortly be published by Messrs Tinsley Brothers.

Miss Thompson, of Royal Academy fame, has her photograph in every stationer's window, besides two new songs inscribed to herself and picture. Miss Thompson was heard wearily to murmur: "*Illud satius est quod satis est*"—"enough is as good as a feast." *Fudge*.

There were over 50 candidates for the post of organist at Luke's, Old Street. From these five were selected to compete at St Paul's Cathedral. Dr Stainer selected Mr Charles Pearce (assistant pupil to Dr C. G. Verrinder) as best player and musician. Mr Pearce was appointed by the Rector and Vestry, who were present at the competition.

Mr Mapleson has left London for Milan, and returns in September for the Dublin season. Amongst the operas to be produced are Balfe's *Talismano*, Verdi's *Ernani*, Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, &c. Signor Li Calsi left for the Irish metropolis on Thursday, to superintend the rehearsals.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC:—Messrs G. F. Anderson (hon. treasurer), E. A. Aguilar, E. Barnes, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, M.A., D.C.L., G. Calkin, C. Coote, C. Coote, Jun., J. Coward, W. H. Cummings, W. G. Cousins, H. R. Eyer, C. Gardner, A. Gilbert, Fred. A. Godfrey, Chas. Godfrey, D. Godfrey, G. W. Hammond, M. Higgs, W. H. Holmes, E. Jekyll, F. B. Jewson, F. Kinke, H. Lazarus, H. C. Lunn, F. G. Lyon, J. H. Maycock, A. O'Leary, Charles K. Salaman, C. E. Stephens, O. Svensen, J. Thomas, T. A. Wallworth, T. Wells, and J. T. Willy.

Mr D'Oyley Carte, the musical agent, has entered into a contract with M. Offenbach, on behalf of Mr G. Wood (Messrs Cramer & Co.), to write a grand spectacular opera-bouffe especially for this country. The piece will be completed during the autumn, and will be produced at one of the principal London theatres at Christmas. The composer is to receive a large sum of money for the entire rights of representation and copyright. The libretto will be by Mr H. B. Farnie, and the subject is the popular story of *Whittington and His Cat*. M. Offenbach will attend the rehearsals, and superintend the production.

ACTION FOR SLANDER AT THE LIVERPOOL ASSIZES.—BAKER v. INWARDS.—The plaintiff and the defendant are both pianoforte sellers at Luton, and this action was brought against the defendant for saying to a customer of the plaintiff's that it was no use going to the plaintiff for a piano because he had not got a good one in his shop, and that he could not give a warranty for any of his pianos because he had not a good one. His Lordship left it to the jury to find whether the defendant spoke of the plaintiff's words merely depreciatory of his goods, or imputing to him the personal misconduct of warranting goods in his business which he knew to be worthless, and the jury found their verdict for the defendant.

On Thursday week, the Alexandra Theatre and Operahouse, situated in Park Street, Camden Town, built and opened two years ago, was sold by auction at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, by Messrs Furber, Price, and Furber. The property is leasehold, held under three different leases for an unexpired term of thirty-three years, at an annual rental of £151. The building is close to the well-known Mother Redcap, in the centre of a populous neighbourhood, with no place of amusement for respectable inhabitants. The auctioneer referred to the outlay recently incurred in the construction, which had cost upwards of £20,000. The biddings commenced with £8,000, followed by £8,500, and arose by advances of £500 to £11,000, when they slackened. The property was ultimately knocked down for £11,900.

BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

Beautiful sunset, beautiful sky,
Fairest of all the fair wonders on high,
Silently sinking in purple and gold,
Blazing in glory and splendour untold:
Beautiful sunset what shall I say,
But that I love thee, thou bright orb of day.

Beautiful sunset, beautiful sky,
E'en while I look comes a tear in the eye,
Longing I watch while thou sinkest to rest,
Fain would I follow thee into the west,
Walk in thy footsteps, bathe in thy light,
Hang on thy robes while thou fadest from sight.

Beautiful sunset, beautiful sky,
Short thy repose for the dawning is nigh,
Brief are the hours we in darkness remain,
Soon comes the morn when thou shinest again
Mortals, be sure when our journey is done,
We still shall live and arise like the sun.

VENICE.—The Communal Council have, for the second time, refused to grant an allowance to the Fenice, so that the unfortunate theatre is in the same terrible position as—Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and every other theatre in England. Yet English managers contrive to exist somehow or other.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"The bird that came in spring," song, by Sir Julius Benedict.
ADAMS & BERESFORD (Birmingham).—"Love in the olden time," by Hildegard.
BOHSCHITZKY.—"Lessons in Thorough Bass."
BERTINI, SEYMOUR & Co.—"Tears but a glimpse," "Oh! give me back those kisses," "Ah! thou pale moon," "I saw thee weep," "Visions of the Past," and "In tranquil night," songs, by James J. Monk.
W. UZERNY.—"Original Compositions for the Organ," by J. H. Wallis.
J. R. CRAMER & Co.—"Still art thou near me," by W. Crawford; "Rechter's Treatise on Counterpoint," translated by Franklin Taylor.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"Silver Peals" and "Skylark's Song," for the pianoforte, by Berthold Tours; "The Fountain," song, by W. T. Wrighton; "Aim high" and "Passing Clouds," songs, by Henry Gadsby; "And so will I" and "In Shadowland," songs, by Ciro Pissati.
LAMBOCK COCK.—"The Sunlight on the Hill," by W. Farley Newman.
HOPWOOD & CREW.—"Fair Young Spring" and "Summer Bright," by William Perry.
HIME & SON (Liverpool).—"The Fritz Galop," by W. E. Reynolds.
J. McDOWELL & Co.—"Praise the Lord," a sacred cantata, by Jacob Bradford.
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"A Sea Song," by W. H. Alchin.
STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.—"Lullaby of Life," "The Angel's Visit" and "The Rainbow," four-part songs for mixed voices, by Henry Leslie; "Summer Morning" and "The sun is bright," four-part songs, by James Coward; "Twelve Songs from the Persian," with an English translation by Natalia Macfarren, the music by Anton Rubinstein; "Here's to thee, gentle Mary" and "The Forest Witch," songs, by A. Rubinstein; "Faintly flow, thou falling river," song, by Verrang; "Ask me no more," song, by Oliveria Prescott; "The Carfew" and "Old Farewell Song," songs, by Edmund T. Chip; "Nydia's Song" and "A Regret for Childhood," songs, by J. F. H. Read; "Any like thee," "Like an island in a river," "Bright, dark, blue, grey," "Ask me not to look and love," "The days of merry spring time," songs, by H. A. Rudall; "The Captain's Song," by Henry Leslie; "Intermezzo Scherzoso" and "Sonnetto di Dante Alighieri," for piano, by Dr. Hans von Bülow; "La Vie pour le Czar," par W. Kuhe.
WILKIE, WOOD & Co.—"Good Night," four-part song, by S. C. Cooke; "Galop di Bravura," by W. H. Wall; "The March of Friendship," by W. B. Graham; "Sunshine," song, by Berthold Tours.
WOOD & Co.—"Shades of Evening," by J. T. Treklell; "The Mermald's Song," by W. Kuhe.

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